

Hunger

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Summary: Edgar has a willing donor.

## Hunger

Edgar lowers his head to Shelley's skin, the thermoreceptors under his nostrils mapping the trails of veins. A sharp pain resounds in his jaw as his mouth begins to water.

There are five measures in their dance.

His lips open, his breath hot and humid.

The first is the humanity. Edgar knows he is half human. Something decidedly unsavory throbs darkly in his chest at the scent and taste of human blood. He feels a twinge of guilt in the knowledge that he is consuming his own kind. There is a shift in his mind, there " he would never, no matter how desperate he may be, feed from a fellow bat, but he punctures human skin so easily, drinks as though he'll never be sated, without any misgivings. There is the slightest hint of discomfort, but the moment blood touches his tongue, the discomfort is gone.

She bends into him, begging with the arch of her spine for his teeth to sink in, and that's the second measure. She gives this to him. There's no chase, no flight, no stalking, no stealth. He comes to her when he is in need, and she welcomes his hunger. She is not his prey.

His tongue traces the path of one vein, drawing lines on her skin, and she shudders into him. He is on top of her, his knees either side of her waist, his mouth tender against the sensitive skin of her inner wrist. Her arm is braced against her mouth.

The third measure is the intimacy of the moment, the kiss through the flesh of her forearm. The full knowledge of their relationship settles around them like a blanket. They shared blood before, nestled against each other in the heat and thunder of the womb. They share

blood now, linked by their eyes, echoing each other in the lines of their noses, their jaws, their lips. Even if Edgar were not half bat, they could not have been identical " but nonetheless, they are two halves of one whole, and this ritual only strengthens that bond.

Finally, his teeth dig in, and the puncture is agonizingly slow. She has asked him for this; she wants him to draw it out. She wants to feel each second of his teeth, his tongue, his lips, the warm trickle of her blood down her skin and into him, filling him, completing him.

This is the penultimate measure, the desperation, the sensuality. She sighs through her nose and he groans back, a noise barely audible and yet intoxicating. He likes to toy with the wound. He will draw back, watch the blood well up, allow it to drip, and then chase the rivulets with his tongue. Each stroke of his tongue stokes a fire inside her. When he is satisfied, he will roughly nuzzle her arm aside and kiss her, hard, hungrily. His mouth will taste like heat and rust. He will have forgotten how to speak, feeding and arousal pushing everything but\_ her \_from his mind. She feeds his body with hers, and, when he is sated, his body feeds hers in return. He repays her in reverence.

One of his hands finds her belly, cups protectively over the bump that has just begun to show " and there is the final measure.

There is life growing inside her. One morning they woke tangled together and looked into each other's eyes, and they both knew. They speak very little of it, but they both know there is a promise inherent in that bump. They know that means forever.

She is carrying his child. One day, Edgar will teach his child the measures of a new dance. They will share a deep understanding of what it is like to feel life flow through a creature's veins, to divert that flow, to feed on that life. They will share knowledge of the raw and carnal power in satisfying the hunger they both feel. Shelley will never know what that craving feels like.

But she knows the craving she feels when Edgar suckles at her skin, holding himself back from drinking too deep for fear of hurting their child. She knows the sharp, sudden clench of her heart when he kisses her. She holds him, kissing him like she is drowning.

"I love you," she breathes against him.

He has lost his words for now. He always does. But he takes her hand and holds it tight against his heart, his eyes half-lidded, and he makes a chuckling noise deep in his throat, and she understands.

End  
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